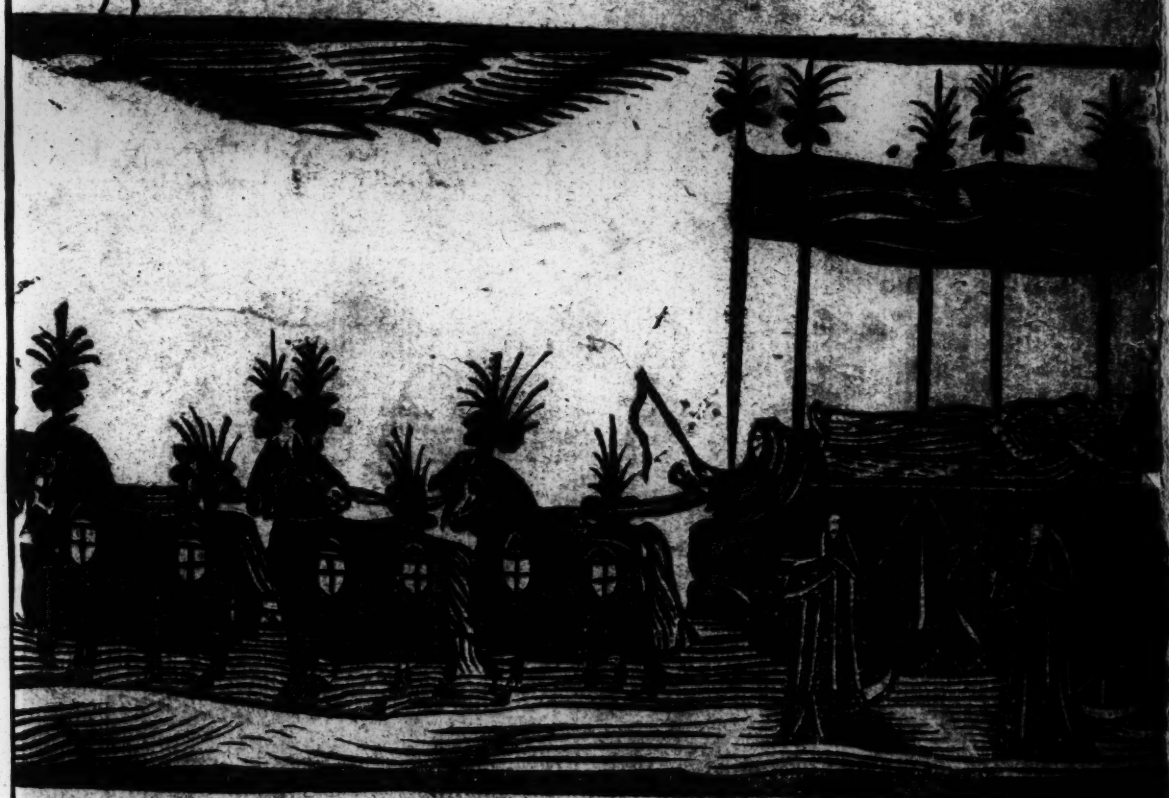
AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THAT WORTHY HOVSE-KEEPER,

WILLIAM SMITH,

Of *Crissing-Temple* in the County of *Essex*, Esquire,
who dyed the eleventh day of *February*, 1630.
aged 74. yeeres.



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An *Elegie* upon the death of that worthy houſekeeper *William Smith* of *Criſsing-Temple* in the County of *Eſſex* Eſquire, who *dyed the* 11. *day of February* 1630. *aged* 74. *yeeres.*

LEt *low deſerts* be rais'd by *flattering verſe*,
Thy *worth* abundantly adornes thy *Herſe*,
And brings thee with *high honor* from the *wombe*,
To *ſwim* in *poore mens teares* into thy *Tombe*;
To them *unkinde*, onely in this, to dye,
And leave them in their *deepeſt miſery*.
On *miſerable Poore*! whoſe foule offence,
And great ingratitude; heavens influence
Stopt firſt, and barren made the earth in ſeed,
Which *ſtrengthen* ſhould thine heart with *daily bread*:
Now with thy *ſinnes* t'increaſe thy *penalty*,
God takes thy never *failing Granary*:
Not that I *blame the poore*, the *rich to ſpare*,
We all muſt *guilty* pleade at *Heavens high barre*;
God lets us *live* to ſee our *ſinnes juſt doome*,
And *takes away* the juſt from *th'ill* to *come*.
If to *doe good*, and to *abſtaine from ill*,
Be as in heaven, on *earth* to doe *Gods will*,
And the *whole law fulfild*, is *God above*,
And next *thy neighbour*, as *thy ſelfe*, to *love*,
All this did he, for whom I *bleede* theſe *teares*,
Whoſe *vertues* farre out numbered his *yeeres*;

And (witneſſe men and Angels) in *good deeds*,
Not houres, but *minutes* of his life, exceeds.
That of the *dead's* a bleſſed *commendation*,
Which to the living *ſerves* for *imitation*;
Yet *future times* may thinke, if they this ſee,
I write not what *he was*, but *ought to bee*,
A *faire Idea* for *applauſe* and *glory*,
And not a true *eſſentiall living ſtory*.
Well of a *Temple* had his houſe the name,
For like a *Temple* he did uſe the ſame,
The *morning* and the *evening ſacrifice*,
Never omitted in the *comelieſt wiſe*,
And that which in theſe daies is wondrous rare,
The *Governors* two *living Temples* were,
And labour'd to have all, that on them wayted,
As they themſelves were *truly conſecrated*.
As *older*, more *Religious* he grew,
Making a *conſcience* ay to pay his due
To *Gods owne Tribe*, whom he ſo honoured,
As *watchmen* over us ſet in *Gods ſtead*;
Like good *old Abraham*, moſt joyfull, when
He *Angels* entertain'd in *ſhapes of men*.
Thus was he to *his God*: his *converſation*
With men, was no leſſe worthy *obſervation*,
Even from the *Throne* to him that low doth grind
At *mill*, he *loyall*, *faithfull* was, and *kind*:
In his *relation* to his *Soveraigne*,
Although his *outward preſence* was but plaine,
His *actions* were moſt *noble*, *juſt* and *wiſe*,
Conducing to the *higheſt enterpriſe*,
Yet to *ſtate-ſecrets* he would not intrude,
Nor *foment factions* of the *multitude*;

The *queſtion* whether, hard was to debate,
He *honour'd more* his King, or *lov'd the ſtate.*
He alwaies did in higheſt favour ſtand
With *greateſt Lords*, and *Rulers* of the Land,
With whom he was *familiar* as *their hoſt*,
And where he once *gain'd favour* never *loſt.*
To *friends*, and *neighbours* evermore moſt deare,
Where he ſo *equally* himſelfe did beare,
All *ſtrife* and *quarrels* he in *peace* did *end.*
The *orphanes father*, and the *widdowes friend*,
With whom they *truſt* their *ſtates* in *confidence*
Of good *improvement* by his *diligence.*
To his *inferiours* alwaies ſo was hee,
As our *Superiours* wee would wiſh to bee:
Friendly to all and *loving*: To the *poore*
So *bountifull*, as if *God* ſent him *ſtore*
And *plenty*, it amongſt them to *diſpence*,
And to *releeve* their *preſſing indigence.*
Thus he *abroad*: How in his *family?*
Oh now my *numbers* turne all *Elegie!*
And firſt his *deareſt Turtles loſſe* bemoane,
Who after *fifty yeeres* is left alone,
Ever to her moſt *gentle*, *loving*, *wiſe*,
And never as the *weaker*, did *deſpiſe*;
But as *both* were one *body*, *mind and heart*,
Both *liv'd*, and *lov'd*, and never *bed* did part;
So kindly drawing in this *loving yoke*,
One would have wiſht it never might have *broke*,
Or that we had ſome *fruit* of ſuch a *paire*,
But's *lot* to *chuſe* was, not *beget* his *heire*:
Whom under him like to himſelfe he bred;
But I the *living* praiſe not, but the *dead*:

Yet

Yet this faire *heritage*, as oft it fares
With other *heires*, cannot *dry* up *his teares*.
I boldly say they farre *preferd* his *health*,
Before *th'inheriting* of all his *wealth*.
You of his *owne blood* and *affinity*,
Your *burthen* beare in this sad *melody*:
Was he not as a *father* to you all?
On whom, unasked, he let *large blessings* fall.
And you his *servants*! ah that once you were,
And are not still, had he not greater *care*
Of your *preferment*, than your *service* due?
And though he *many* kept, yet had *few* new:
Before your *outward mourning* doth begin,
I see your hearts for sorrow bleede *within*,
All *act* our *parts* in this sad *Elegie*,
The *Poore's* the *Chorus* of the *Tragedy*.
As for *my selfe*, I need no *Fathers* urne,
Nor *dead sonnes bones* to move my *muse* to mourne,
Hearts griefe will most *abundantly* indite,
If I my *sorrowes* for my *losses* write.
Oh! I have lost a *sweete familiar*,
A *friend*, a *father*, and a *Counsellor*,
Whose *Actions* all, like *precepts of the wise*,
Directed mee true *vertues exercise*.
One above all; I never heard he utter'd
Least ill of them, that *falsely* 'gainst him mutter'd,
Although (as 'twas with *Christ*) *foulem-outh'd detraction*
Basely *traduc'd* the *best of all his action*;
Heavens schoole him taught to *love* his *enemies*,
And *retribute rewards* for *injuries*:
Graces are like *high staires*, *Humility*
The Basis, This sure is the *Summity*,

To

To which none can aſcend but by the reſt,
And *many ſtepps* there are to make man bleſt:
Eaſier *heavens ſtarres*, than all his *Graces* tell,
Never was ſuch a *Smith* in *Iſrael.*
Like *living ſpring* whoſe *ſtreames* are never dry,
But more you *draw*, doth *freſher* ſtill *ſupply*,
Such was his *inexhauſted liberality*,
His *minde unlimitted* for *hoſpitality*:
And to leave nothing that he might fulfill,
He left *large Legacies* by his *laſt will*,
For to ſuſtaine the *needy hungry poore*,
And feed them at his *grave*, as at his doore.
Like *Tree* cloſe planted by the *Rivers ſide*,
He *flouriſhed* * long, and *fruitfull* did abide, * Ætatis 74.
Even to *his laſt*; his *leaves* all *freſh* and *greene*,
His *body ſound*, and no *decaying ſeene*;
All *faire* and *wide* his goodly *armes* diſpread,
And all that came neere to *him ſheltered*;
Vntill the *Lord chiefe owner of the ground*,
Finding him *living Timber*, *good* and *ſound*,
Bid *cut him downe* to be *exalted higher*,
Preſerving all for *Timber*, none for fire:
That as he long on *earth* continued,
To be a *dead materiall Temples head*,
He might be of *heavens immateriall*,
A *living Pillar* never more to fall.
Wherefore let us not be diſanimated,
As without *hope*, he is but hence *tranſlated*,
Whither, if wee *will doe*, as he hath *done*,
Wee in good time with *joy* to *him* ſhall come.
Meane while heere his *briefe Character* is told,
As wee in little *Globes* the *heavens* behold.

The

The Epitaph.

NOble *by* Birth, *in* Fortunes Favours Low,
Thrift, *by* Gods blessing, *made all* plenty *flow*
within my Gates, *yet I my* heire *left more*,
Than any of mine Ancestors *before*.

In Spirituall husbandry, *let all men know*
This Rule: *They* plenty reape *that* plenty sow;
And Talents *are improv'd more by* well spending,
Than Vsurers *can*, increase *their* Coine *by* lending.

No Titles *I* affected, *my* desire
Was sole by Grace *and* Goodnesse *to* aspire,
To Heaven *from whence I came*: Time *all to* light
will bring: *and give mee after* Death *my* Right.

FINIS.